

## THE LAMENT.

By E. W. E. CANNING.

'Will not thy own poor heart demand me there?  
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?  
My name on Earth was ever in thy prayer,  
Shall it be banished from thy song in Heaven?'  
*Bryant.*

How shall the minstrel, when his heart is breaking,  
Lift the glad song in other days he sang?  
How shall the breast, with anguish torn and aching,  
Echo to wirth, and prompt the answering tongue?  
When the rough blast hath all the harp unstrung,  
Lost is its melody, and hushed its tone;  
With cypress wreathed and on the willow hung,  
It gives the wooing zephyr but a moan,  
And droops in pensive sadness, darkling and alone.

O that the bloom of early joy should die!  
O that its light should e'er be quenched and cold!

That Death should mar Affection's holiest tie,  
And Love itself be gathered 'neath his fold!

But Sorrow's burden is a tale oft told,

And man must make it luxury to mourn;

Must write his honor's story in the mould;

And see, like leaves in Autumn's breezes borne,

The laurels of his prime, all scattered, sere, and torn.

Yes—so of Earth 'tis written, never long

Are its possessions what their owners deem;

They pass to dust oblivion like a song.

And ay the brightest do the fleetest seem.

Often had I heard life's pleasures were a dream;

But now I know the truth, and, too, its sting;

For o'er the glad and glory-tinted beam

That lit my life—its purest, dearest thing—

I've seen Death's angel hold his dark and chilly wing.

Spirit of sainted loveliness! once shined

In mortal form, and to my bosom pressed;

From the bright mansions where the unlothed mind

Bathes in immortal bliss and sinless rest,

Wilt thou not listen to one poor request?

From the doomed lingerer, all unwilling, here!

And in the tones of the bedeav'd and bleas'd,

'Whisper again to him who once was dear,

And for his solace-bait, stoop from thy starry sphere!'

Where, 'mid the immortals vastness old,

To the fair city where the righteous dwell;

Whose gates are pearl, whose streets are molten gold,

Resplendent far beyond what tongue can tell,

Speak of the raptures thy full soul that swell.

Taintless of sin, immaculate of clay.

Of glories that shall never fear a knell,

Or airs that seraphim unceasing play.

In worlds above the sun, where God himself is day!

Tree of the 'pastured green' and verdant plains,

Where, with bright beams, eternal summer smiles;

And the still waters, radiant with veins

Of heavenly crystal, kiss the blessed isle;

Of gods where angel harmony begins,

And hills whose tops, in deathless splendor glow;

Vale where the ransomed keep celestial whiles,

In boundless pleasure Earth can never know,

Neath skies for ever fair, without a shade of wo.

Methinks my loved one, in that happy clime,

I see thee 'mid the pure, ecstatic throng,

Mingling with kindred summoned from time,

And skilled, long since, to raise the immortal song;

How doth thy soul expand its ample range!

The white-clad hand who press to welcome thee!

While thy admiring eyes in raptures long,

Revel in glories that shall ever be.

Let by His God-like glance, who died on Calvary!

I see thee, (with the vision of the mind),

Led to the 'Tree of Life,' for ever fair.

And, 'neath its gently whispering boughs reclined,

Joy o'er thy glad release from sin and care.

O, sweeter than the dew of Herman, there,

Or Gilead's balm, their sacred accents fall!

While thy blushing features smile of glory wear,

And thy rapt spirit drinks the joyous all—

Fruitful's ample fill, that sates, but cannot pall.

There would I leave thee, treasure of my soul!

Nor e'er recall thee to life's weary load;

For thee shall peace, like radiant rivers roll,

And every sweet desire be lost in God.

But who shall comfort on his lonely road?

The mourning sojourner, whose joys are o'er!

O when again shall gladness her abode?

Make in his bosom, as in days of yore!

Thy master is broken, Earth! thy pleasures charm no more!

Yet to his spirit do one thought speak bliss:

When sorrow to despair hath well nigh driven,

Then comes its visit, fraught with happiness,

Whispered by Faith and Hope—"There is a Heaven,"

O when the final strife with death is driven,

And the worn frame hath ceased length to bear,

Sweet that the soul may, washed, sin-free, forgiven,

The snowy mantle of Redemption wear!

Yes—there's a Heaven, and thou, my 'loved and lost,' art

Stockbridge, Mass.

[there!]

in other parts of his work, though he praises the present opposition party vehemently in nearly every chapter, he has contradicted many of the principal assertions in the previous extract. For instance, he quotes the famous Anti-Slavery resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, with special emphasis on the declaration that they were passed unanimously by a Senate in which every member was a Whig, and admits that the asserters of the Right of Discussion in Congress, Adams, Slade, and others, are of the same party. Of the approval or opposition of the Whigs or any other party in this country to an union of the British church with the state, or of their feelings in regard to any part of the internal policy of the British Government, it is of course preposterous to speak. The Americans, happily, are less addicted to interfering with the domestic regulations of their neighbors than the travelers countrymen.

Of our great men in America, Mr. Buckingham entertains a very mean opinion. Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, whom he heard in the Senate, he thinks inferior to some half-dozen members of the House of Commons; but if Daniel Webster he says:

"Mr. Webster, and I think justly, consider to be the most powerful orator, the best reasoner, and the most sound-judging of all the Senatorial or Representative body; yet even I, think, is greatly over-rated. The doctrine of high duties, tariffs, and protection for domestic manufactures, so long exploded by all the best writers on political economy in Europe, (French, Italian and German, as well as English,) is dear to Mr. Webster; and he holds it as the key-stone of the American system. Bank monopolies, and the possession of the immense power over prices and exchanges, which such monopolies give to those who enjoy them, appear to him wholesome and beneficial to trade. He is what in England would be called truly Conservative; and if he were in the English House of Commons, he would act with Mr. Matthias Attwood, Mr. Alderman Thompson, Mr. George Robinson, Mr. Aaron Chapman, and Mr. George Frederick Young, on all questions of protection for shipping and trade. He is, no doubt, a more able man than any of these, and a far better speaker. Indeed, he may be justly called a statesman and an orator, and in both these capacities he seemed to me far superior to Mr. Clay or Mr. Calhoun; the former of whom entertains all Mr. Webster's contracted views about the tariff and bank monopolies; while the latter is the gentleman who declared, 'that the slavery of the blacks was the most perfect guarantee of freedom for the whites'; and who had such just conceptions of this freedom, as to declare, that 'if the whites of South Carolina could but catch an abolitionist within their borders, they would hang him up without judge or jury.'

Of a speech made by Webster in Congress, in opposition to Calhoun, and which was extravagantly praised in the newspapers of his party, Mr. Buckingham remarks:

"Although this great effort of Mr. Webster's would have been thought a good speech in either House of Parliament, or at any public meeting in England, it certainly would not be described in terms of such extreme eulogy as is here bestowed upon it. It was far inferior to speeches delivered in every session in England, by such speakers as Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham in the upper House, and by Sir Robert Peel, Mr. O'Connell, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Shiel at the lower House; and the only way in which I could account for this extravagant praise of it, was to attribute it partly to the want of familiarity with higher models of excellence than those by whom they are surrounded."

This is a specimen of Mr. Buckingham's opinions. With much caustic and erroneous judgement, and more falsehood in the statement of circumstances, his work still embraces a greater amount of real information than any other that has been written about America by an Englishman. He goes deliberately through all the Northern States, (his work is to be completed in two additional volumes respecting the Southern part of the Union,) and treats of historical and statistical, giving an account of the rise, progress, manufactures, trade, population, topography, fertility, resources, morals, manners, education, &c. With the facts stated, all intelligent persons in this country are now acquainted; but it may not be uninteresting to read the remarks of so clever a commentator as our author. Mr. Buckingham is an English Radical, and he applauds whatever we possess in this country that is desired by that party in Great Britain. With universal suffrage and our modes of conducting elections, he finds no fault, and he praises the school systems of the different States, the voluntary system of supporting religion, the general character of the agricultural and mechanic classes, &c. Of the public press, he appears to have a mean opinion. He avers that it is distinguished above that of any other country for its recklessness in regard to private character, which is not true, as the gazettes of London, while they generally surpass us in the ability and correctness of their reports, are not nearly so accurate as ours. He also speaks of the want of familiarity with higher models of excellence than those by whom they are surrounded."

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